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The Evening World First

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during first six
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The Evening World during first six
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INCREASE..... 1,681

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New
York EVER carried in regular editions in six consecutive
months such a volume of display advertising as The Evening
World carried during the first six months, 1904.

THE POLICE HEAD THAT IS NOT.

Police Commissioner McAdoo is good-natured and optimistic. In his department he has an excellent eye for the business side and for such details as can be expressed by enumeration.

When the Commissioner says he needs four hundred new policemen, he is prepared to prove his case.

When he says there is deadwood on the detective rolls and that hundreds of men needed for active patrol service are drawing salaries in special positions which are sinecures, he is confirming public suspicions by the results of his own inquiries.

When he says the police force is not demoralized, but is under his absolute control, he probably believes what he says. And it is true that he can shift about the inspectors, captains and sergeants of his command as he will and that he can direct them to report to him at his pleasure.

When Mayor McClellan says to the press and public that he has full confidence in his Commissioner, there is no point of indicated intention in the police administration upon which one may expect to disturb that confidence.

Nevertheless, the fact remains, upon the evidence of a prevailing lawlessness in city streets, that there is lacking in the department that "spirit of the corps" which always goes with true discipline in an organized force. Policemen emulate each other's example in deeds of individual bravery; they exhibit little enough apparent zeal over the keeping of beats clean and orderly to the limit.

Men leave their posts on most trivial excuses. A group of uniformed debaters may be seen frequently at night in session on a corner, while unguarded streets are before and behind them "around the block." These are symptoms not of depravity in the force, but of the loose line "higher up." The patrol body will never be more practical, professionally, than its head.

So, that to which we return is the need, in actual command of the force at work, of a strong man who is able to make his presence felt in every precinct and on every post of patrol. He should be enough of a policeman to understand policemen; enough of a leader—not a district leader—to carry a personal prestige; enough of an iron hand to smash the links of outlawry.

Mr. McAdoo is too amiable for the vital part of his job. His political deputies are not such stuff as disciplinarians, at least, are made of.

How, then, Mr. Mayor, are the police to earn and hold the respect of the "gangs?"

MUCH CLOTHES AND THE WEARING.

To a Chicago dressmaker's assertion that a society girl can dress for \$2,500 a year, a New York costume creator has just taken indignation exception in The Evening World. It is gathered from the Fifth Avenue respondent that a real Manhattan belle, warranted genuine and equal to any marriageable title in the Old World, represents, approximately, an expenditure of \$10,000 annually on gowns and other feminine fixings.

With a bound the discussion has reached the high finance of "things to wear." And the interest in the figures produced is sure to exceed infinitely the number of salaries in the country that can endure \$10,000 raids for supplies in which is neither meat nor drink.

But it is not all of life actually to have superfine clothes. It is much to read about them and dream of them and see them displayed in shop windows. Very fortunately, a working majority of us are fairly happy to enjoy ourselves thus and have enough to eat and share besides. Costly raiment is soft, but the meretricious for its sake of things vital for one's own sake is hard.

Moreover, foreign critics tell us that our \$10,000-a-year belles feel their clothes too much. What will it cost—some wise dressmaker please tell—to give with a \$400 evening gown the faculty of wearing it with the easy grace displayed by some modest New York beauty in taffets from a marked-down counter?

Possibly the North Pole will come down when it finds Peary won't give up.

"Experience is the best teacher," probably, because she has no part-time pupils.

At the Antietam Day reunions, to-morrow, the old battle will be refought for the forty-second time. But the original presentation still will have to stand.

A 10 per cent. loss in Western Union receipts is written down to the pool-rooms that were. No corresponding gain is reported by victims of the pool-rooms that are.

Descendants of Somebodies, under the delusion that they own all Harlem, will go to Supreme Court about it. Ordinary men of like mind would usually go to police court.

Curious that there is room for parcels trains in the "L" schedule when, on the assurance of the management, all the passenger trains are running that the time-tables will hold.

BUT YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN PLACE.

If for your place you're too much wit,
Just get promoted out of it.

Promotions and high pay abound
In a New York World Want your place is found.

13 Ways to Win a Woman.

By
Nixola-Greeley Smith.



Nixola-Greeley-Smith.

ACCORDING to an injured husband who filed a suit for the alienation of his wife's affections in Philadelphia this week, there are thirteen different ways of winning a woman's love. It is noteworthy that these ways, which he itemizes in his complaint, all have to do with the spending of money either in the improvement of his own personal appearance or hers, or in impressing waiters and cabmen with his munificence so that the original thirteen ways are really reduced to one, that of loosening the strings of a necessarily fat purse. Now, we had it upon the excellent authority of Miss Stella Mayhew last season that there are "fifty-seven ways to catch a man," and unless it be admitted that men are just fifty-seven times as hard to catch, the young woman in pursuit of a man's affection would seem to have a tremendous advantage over him, whereas the masculine seeker after a woman's love would have as much chance as the backer of a 57 to 1 shot.

There is no doubt that many women are more easily impressed by the spending of money than in any other way. Indeed, it is practically the only thing capable of making an impression on them, because the only differences they see in men are based on their relative incomes.

It may be inferred, however, from the statement that there are just thirteen ways of winning a woman, that it is unlikely to win one, and this, irrespective of the lady's charms, is usually true if only for the reason that having won her, you can't lose her. The sections of newspapers dedicated to women readers are always filled with neat little maxims on how to win a man's love and how to keep it. Yet there is no space reserved on the sporting pages for the enlightenment of husbands wondering how to retain the affection of wavering wives. Yet, evidently, if the husbands wanted or needed advice it would be supplied to them.

There are, however, just as many different ways of winning a woman as there are different women to win. But possibly there are not a dozen of these in the whole world. The most frequent and the most just masculine criticism of womanhood is that women are all alike. Most of them are, and those that are not often wish they were.

To judge a man by his wallet may not be the most spiritual or moral thing in the world, but women who have the standard seem less liable to errors of judgment than those possessing more exalted ideals. His pocketbook is the most stable thing he possesses. If you bank on his heart, it may fall you. It probably will. If on his character, the first thing you know you'll be packing a hurried grip for him and bidding him a tearful good-by as he takes his surreptitious way to the Canadian border. His pocketbook may shrink with the market, to be sure, but it's the least shrinkable asset he possesses. And the woman who makes the biggest hole in it has the satisfaction of feeling, with Daniel Webster, that "the past at least is secure." He may take back his love and affection, but not the dollars, the automobile rides, the suppers in high-priced restaurants—a solid point of view enough, but one which confers a certain degree of comfort on her who possesses it.

Teals are all very well, and women who have the misfortune to be born with them rarely succeed in getting rid of them entirely. Nevertheless, they often have occasion to envy their more fortunate sisters who do not possess them.

Evidently the Philadelphia woman whose husband has gone to law over her affections was of the happy order of strong women measure men by their money only.

But he has not proved himself of a different order by seeking some of the other man's money himself. There are quite as many mercenary men as there are mercenary women. That women, like moths, are ever caught by glare, is just as true of their lords and masters, and if all the fifty-seven ways of catching men were to be enumerated they would have quite as solid a financial basis.

THE BACHELOR GIRL.
Be very careful not to call this lady an old maid.
Unless you wish in dire contempt some fathoms deep to wade,
Emerging from a battle with her glances somewhat frayed.

She loves to be a bachelor, and also be a girl.
Although full forty summers o'er,
Her heart has been deluded to whiff.
So do not dare at her another epithet to hurl.

She doesn't care to live at home,
But much prefers a flat.
She has no fear of burglars,
And would even face a rat.

She always has a clear idea of just where she is at.
It's fun enough to talk to her, when she that favor grants,
Although you'll find she seldom will give you much of a chance.
But if you marry her, look out! She's sure-on, well, you can guess the rest.

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mary Jane and Kickums Give Their Dads a Scare

They Do It with Two Toy Snakes Which They Purchase from a Street Vender.



It's Very Strange—But Brown Hair Is Not En Regle.



AND YOU LIKE A DARKER SHADE, PERHAPS SHE'LL DO THE JOB UP BROWN.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Short Weight Peach Baskets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to post the public about a lot of fakirs who are cheating in selling peaches by the basket. Every time buying peaches in baskets from such vendors should first examine them carefully. I bought a basket on the street. It looked to be all right, but when I got home I found it arranged so that the centre was hollow and I was left with a small amount of peaches.

A JERSEYMAN.

At Any Recruiting Office.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where should I apply to join the army?

A Stern Husband.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I should like to ask the opinion of readers on this subject: I am a girl of nineteen. My husband is thirty, and every time I disobey him he punishes me. I can't go anywhere unless I ask him. Yesterday he was away all day.

and some of my friends asked me to go to the beach for a bath, right in our town, so I went. When he came home I told him, and because I hadn't asked him he was furiously angry with me. I don't know what to do, as I love him and I know he loves me, but he is so stern.

AN OBSESSING GIRL.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would it be correct to give a young lady a diamond ring if I am not engaged to her or do not expect to be for some time?

S. J. B.

Good form forbids girls to receive jewelry from men to whom they are not engaged.

Anti-Vegetarian Plea.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
There seems to be a widespread notion that animal food is injurious and a vegetable diet the only natural one. Waiting the force of appetite, man's structure refutes the idea. In herbivorous animals, such as sublimated equine-

is on vegetable food, the digestive apparatus is utterly different from that of carnivorous animals. Man's digestive apparatus partakes of both granivorous and carnivorous qualities, thus showing man was meant to eat both animal and vegetable food. Again, granivorous animals have flat, broad teeth, constructed for grinding and crushing food, the carnivorous animals have long, sharp fangs for seizing prey. Man has teeth of both kinds; hence his dental and digestive structure shows him to be intended to eat both meat and vegetables.

In the first period of man's existence he subsisted almost entirely by the chase and lived on flesh; yet few question his physical supremacy in his primeval state. Experience has proven that man can live wholly on either animal or vegetable food for a certain length of time with safety.

The superior advantage of a mixed over a vegetable diet is disclosed at

once on a survey of the progress of the Western nations, whose inhabitants consume vegetables and flesh, with Eastern nations, who seldom touch meat.

STUDENT, Hartford, Conn.
Former is Wrong. Latter is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If I were to step on a person's foot would it be wrong for me to say, "I beg my pardon?" I write with the knowledge that "I beg your pardon" is also correct.

JAMES M.

Wednesday, Wednesday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did these dates fall: Dec. 15, 1828, and Feb. 7, 1827?

CONSTANT.

The Former is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says "between you and me" is correct. B says "between you and I." Which is correct?

PRINTER.

The Cross-Eyed Man

—And the Man with Whiskers.

They Bite Off an Astigmatized Segment of Verbiage About the Storm.

"THE shoemaker was telling me," remarked the Cross-Eyed Man as he and the Man with the Whiskers boarded the Ninth Avenue "L" train at Eighty-first street this morning and sidestepped into their usual seats on opposite sides of the aisle, "the shoemaker was telling me there was a terrible storm night before last. And I was out in it myself. So I guess there WAS a storm after all. That storm was a grandly imposing sight. It was with feelings of mingled awe and—"

"WHAT was with feelings of mingled awe?" sceptically queried the Man with the Whiskers. "As a matter of fact did there butt into the limited range of your vision ANYTHING that was equipped with feelings of mingled awe? And if so, how did you learn what its feelings were fitted out with? Did you think to ask it: 'Sir, are your feelings geared on a mingled-awe gauge or?'"

"I was describing my own sensations on seeing that terrific rainstorm," stiltily explained the Cross-Eyed Man. "The spectacle held me spellbound. It was very wet."

"Most rainstorms are, I'm told. A dry rainstorm would be an incongruously ludicrous sight. Not as incongruously ludicrous, of course, as if it was twice as ludicrously incongruous, but—"

"But a whole lot ludicrously incongruouser than if it was only half as incongruously ludicrous. I don't suppose there's really any such a thing as a dry rainstorm."

"I suppose not; but there MIGHT be. There's no law against it."

"No law at all," cooed the Cross-Eyed Man. "Think how unjust it would be to arrest a rainstorm just because it was dry! To drag shrieking to jail a wretched, desiccated rainstorm with its poor, parched tongue hanging out thirstily! It would be a matter for the Society for Cruelty to Rainstorms."

"That rainstorm night before last wasn't dry. It was horribly wet. All dripping. It seemed real hard-hearted to turn such a miserably wet rainstorm out into the streets on a night like that. I helped a feeble old man to cross the street at Broadway and Thirtieth in the worst part of it. The water was waist deep in the street and he stood on a high step, afraid to cross, and he was getting rained on nearly all the time and was quite wet in spots, and I was afraid he'd get wetter and catch cold just because he lacked the courage to cross that street. So I cried heroic measures. I got behind him and gave him a nice, helpful shove that landed him clear into the middle of the street, nearly up to his neck in water. That start had been all he needed. He went the rest of the way himself. I always like to lend a helping hand," finished the Man with the Whiskers, modestly.

"You're a hero; that's what you are!" shouted the Cross-Eyed Man, pounding his friend enthusiastically between the shoulders. "I honor a man like you. I'll bet that old fellow was absurdly grateful to you."

"Well," admitted the man with the Whiskers, reminiscently, "I can't say he was as absurdly grateful as if he had been twice as gratefully absurd, but—"

"Lightning's a wonderful thing," commented the Cross-Eyed Man. "There was a lot of it during the storm. Some of it was quite visible to the naked eye. Not that I'd let an eye of mine go around in that condition, but—"

"Yes," assented the Man with the Whiskers, "lightning is a wonderful thing. And to think we owe all our knowledge of it to!"

"FRANKLIN!" bawled the guard, and the two friends left the car.

"Say," begged the Choleric Old Gentleman in the corner, approaching the guard, "would you mind unslapping my folding ears and seeing if my head really has all those wheels in it?"

A. P. TERIUNE.

Strange Weddings.

On the estate near Perm, in northeast Russia, of a wealthy man named Reshetnikoff, a singular marriage took place recently. The bridegroom, Vasiloff, was a handsome peasant, the bride a beautiful girl of eighteen. M. Reshetnikoff gave them a large wooden cottage and plot of land, and at the wedding breakfast greeted them as the second generation of his nurslings "who are to make of holy Russia an earthly Olympus peopled with Apollos and Hebes." At the time of the Russo-Turkish war M. Reshetnikoff, struck with the inferior, ill-nourished physique of many recruits, set aside annually out of his large fortune ten thousand rubles for the purpose of eliminating the unfit by encouraging marriage only between young people of exceptional beauty, health and intelligence. He employed as workers on his estate only the handsomest and healthiest villagers. These he encouraged to enter upon matrimony by grants of land, payment of marriage fees and an annuity of 50 rubles a year for every child born. He removed from his estate all deformed and sickly persons and attracted handsome giants from all parts of the province by granting them valuable privileges. Those who refused to marry the partners he selected were unceremoniously deported. Since the institution of his scheme forty marriages have taken place, and over 100 children have been born, nearly all of them being immensely superior to the average Russian peasant children in strength and beauty. Vasiloff's marriage was celebrated with exceptional display, he and his bride being the first couple both of whom sprung from unions arranged by M. Reshetnikoff.

Burning-Glass Fire.

A fire occurred recently in San Francisco which mystified the occupants. It was discovered that Mrs. Wohrden had left a pair of eyeglasses and a newspaper lying on a bed in the full glare of the afternoon sun, and it is believed that the sun's rays, shining through the lenses, set fire to the newspaper.

Where Beer Started.

The Roman soldiers in Britain, when they first saw the Kentish hop vines, thought they had found the nearest thing to the grape the savage northland produced. In their efforts to make wine from hops they produced the first beer made in England.

Getting Away Time.



Q! Brooklyn! surely you're a peach!

You fill me with elation

For there the lowly born

can reach

An elevated station